

THE Princess Virginia

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON,
Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "Rose-
mary in Search of a Father," Etc.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

IT is those in the thick of battle who can afterward tell least about it, and to the princess those five minutes—moments the most tremendous, the most vital of her life—were afterward in memory like a dream.

She had seen that a man was ghastly pale; she had caught a gleam of fear in his eye; she had felt a tigerish quiver run through his frame as the crowd pressed him against her. Instinct—and love—had told her the rest and taught her how to act.

Vaguely she recalled later that she had thrown herself forward and struck up the knife. An impression of that knife as the light gleamed on it alone was clear. Sickening, she had thought of the dull sound it would make in falling, of the blood that would spout from a rent in the white coat among the jeweled orders. She had thought, as one thinks in dying, of existence in a world empty of Leopold, and she had known that unless he could be saved her one wish was to go out of the world with him.

More than this she had not thought or known. What she did was done scarcely by her own volition, and she seemed to wake with a start at last, to hear herself sobbing and to feel the throb, throb, of a hot pain in her arm. A hundred hands—not quick enough to save, yet quick enough to follow the lead given by her—had fought to seize the man in gray and stop a second blow. They had borne him away, while, as for Virginia, her work done, she forgot everything and every one but Leopold.

Reviving, she had heard him speak to the crowd and told herself dreamily that were she dying his voice could bring her back if he called. She even listened to each word that rang out like a cathedral bell above the babel. Still he held her, and when the cheers came she scarcely understood that they were for her as well as for Leopold, the emperor. Afterward, the necessity for public action over, he bent his head close enough to whisper, "Thank you," and then for Virginia every syllable was clear.

"You are the bravest woman alive," he said. "I had to keep them from killing the ruffian, but now I can speak to you alone. I thank you for what you did with my whole heart, and I pray heaven you're not seriously hurt."

"No, not hurt and very happy," the princess answered, hardly knowing what she said. She felt like a soul released from its body, floating in blue ether. What could it matter if that body ached or bled? Leopold was safe, and she had saved him.

He pointed to her sleeve. "The knife struck you. Your arm's bleeding, and the wound must be seen immediately by my own surgeon. Would that I could go with you myself, but duty keeps me here. You understand that. Baron von Lyndal and his wife will at once take you home, wherever you may be staying. They?"

"But I would rather stop and see the rest," said Virginia. "I'm quite well now, not even weak, and I can go down to my friend."

"If you're able to stop, it must be here with me," answered Leopold. "After the service you have done for me and for the country it is your place."

The ladies of the court, who, with their husbands, had been waiting to congratulate Leopold, crowded round the girl as the emperor turned to them with a look and gesture of invitation. A seat was given her, and the arm in its blood stained sleeve was hastily bound up. She was the heroine of the day, dividing honors with its hero.

There was scarcely a grande dame among the brilliant assemblage on the emperor's platform to whom Lady Mowbray and her daughter had not a letter of introduction from their invaluable friend. But no one knew at this moment of any title to their recognition possessed by the girl other than the right she had earned by her splendid deed. All smiled on her through grateful tears, though there were some who would have given their ten fingers to have stepped into her place.

Thus Virginia sat through the ceremonies, careless that thousands of eyes were on her face, thinking only of one pair of eyes, which spared a glance for her now and then, hardly seeing the statue of Rheata, whose glorious marble womanhood unveiled roused a storm of enthusiasm from the crowd, hearing only the short, stirring speech made by Leopold.

When everything was over and the people had no excuse to linger save to see the emperor ride away and the great personages disperse, Leopold turned again to Virginia.

All the world was listening, of course; all the world was watching, too, and no matter what his inclination might have been, his words could be few.

Once more he thanked and praised her for her courage, her presence of mind; thanked her for remaining as if she had been granting a favor to him

and asked her where she was staying in Kronburg, as he promised himself the honor of sending to inquire for her health that evening.

His desire would be to call at once in person, he added; but, owing to the programme arranged for this day and several days to follow, not only each hour, but each moment, would be officially occupied. These birthday festivities were troublesome, but duty must be done, and then, Leopold repeated, when he had Miss Mowbray's name and address, the court surgeon and physician would be commanded to attend upon her without delay.

With these words and a chivalrous courtesy at parting, the emperor was gone, Baron von Lyndal, grand master of ceremonies, and his baroness having been told off to take care of Miss Mowbray.

In another mood it would have pricked Virginia's sense of humor to see Baroness von Lyndal's almost shocked surprise at discovering her to be the daughter of that Lady Mowbray whom she was asked to meet. Luckily all the letters of introduction had reached their destinations, it merely remaining, according to the etiquette in Rheata, for Lady Mowbray to announce her arrival in Kronburg by sending cards to the recipients. But Virginia had no heart for laughter now.

She had been on the point of forgetting until reminded by a dig from the spur of necessity that she was only a masquerader acting her borrowed part in a pageant. For the first time since she had hopelessly taken it up that part became detestable. She would have given almost anything to throw it off and be herself, for nothing less than clear sincerity seemed worthy of this day and the event which crowned it.

Nevertheless, in the vulgar language of proverb which no well brought up princess should ever stoop to use, she had made her own bed, and she must lie in it. It would not do for her suddenly to give out to the world of Kronburg that she was not, after all, Miss Mowbray, but Princess Virginia of Baumburg-Drippe. That would not be fair to the grand duchess, who had yielded to her wishes, nor fair to her own plans. Above all, it would not be fair to the emperor, handicapped as he now was by a debt of gratitude. No; Miss Mowbray she was, and Miss Mowbray she must for the present remain.

Naturally the grand duchess fainted when her daughter was brought back



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with ominous red stains upon the gray background of her traveling dress. But the wound was neither deep nor dangerous. The court surgeon was as consoling as he was complimentary, and by the time that messengers from the palace had arrived with inquiries from the emperor and invitations to the emperor's ball the mother of the heroine could dispense with her salvolatile.

She had fortunately much to think of. There was the important question of dress for the ball tomorrow night; there was the still more pressing question of the newspapers, which must not be allowed to publish the borrowed name of Mowbray lest complications should arise, and there were the questions to be asked of Virginia: How had she felt? How had she dared? How had the emperor looked, and what had the emperor said?

If it had been natural for the grand duchess to faint it was equally natural that she should not faint twice. She began to believe, after all, that Providence smiled upon Virginia and her adventure, and she wondered whether the princess' white satin embroidered with seed pearls or the silver spangled blue tulle would be more becoming to wear to the ball.

Next day the Rheata newspapers devoted columns to the attack upon the emperor by an anarchist from a certain province (once Italian), who had disguised himself as an official in the employ of the burgomaster. There were long paragraphs in praise of the lady who, with marvelous courage and presence of mind, had sprung between the emperor and the assassin, receiving on the arm with which she had shielded Unser Leo a glancing blow from the weapon aimed at the imperial breast; but, thanks to a few ear-

nestly imploring words written by Lady Mowbray to Baron von Lyndal, commands impressed upon the landlord of the hotel and the fact that Rheata editors are not as modern as Americans in their methods, the lady was not named. She was a foreigner and a stranger to the capital of Rheata. She was, according to the papers, "as yet unknown."

(Continued.)

The Last Raid on Upper South Carolina, Confederate War.

W. D. S.

May the first, 1865, was the winding up of the Confederate war in South Carolina. General Stoneman's command was pursuing President Davis through Spartanburg and Laurens counties and they went into camp the first day of May, at Samuel Bolt's, on Rabun creek, in Laurens county, S. C. They took possession of his farm, tore out the end of his corn crib and scattered three hundred bushels of corn over the horse lot and surrounding woods to feed their horses. What the horses did not eat was tramped into the mud and wasted. The officers made their headquarters in his dwelling house, took his meat out of the smoke house, killed his chickens, brought in his cook to get their supper, put the food on his table and then invited him to sit down and eat with them. This made him so mad that he said it would have choked him to have eaten one morsel with them.

On that night news was brought in that General Johnson's army had surrendered in North Carolina, the war was over and hostilities to cease. Afterwards meeting Mr. Bolt I asked him how the Yankees treated him. I was sorry that I mentioned the subject. I could almost feel the steam of the expletives as he rolled them from his mouth. This incident and his imprisonment in Ku Klux times were two things it was best not to mention in his presence. Next morning the Union men were swarming all over this section stealing every mule and horse they could lay their hands on and taking negro men to lead their stock. About daylight I heard someone hallooing get up there. Wife that is a Yankee's voice. On opening the door there stood a file of men with their muskets cocked on me. We want you as a guide to Cooley's bridge. I am not going. You can get a negro out there in the cabin. I put on my clothes and walked out and by that time they had my horses out and were trotting down the road. One of them called out we are borrowing your horses and will give them back by the guide from Cooley's bridge. The thunder you will! I was letting some warm words come out. This was a squad of couriers (with Charley Simpson piloting them to Cooley's) carrying the news that General Johnson's army had surrendered and the war was over, still they were stealing our horses. The marsh pony they carried off was put in the possession of their commanding officer, who said that he was going to carry it home for his wife to ride. It was the prettiest pony that he ever saw. These were the words that my negro man brought back when he rode up with Charley Simpson on an old crippled mare. The Yankees forgot to return my stock or pay for them until this day.

The Union men were trailing President Davis, who had passed through a few days ahead of them just like a hound dog would follow a rabbit's track. They went right on the trail by Boyd's bridge, then towards Raser's bridge on Saluda. Wheeler's men had fired this bridge and the column turned up to Erwin's bridge and out towards Honea Path and Anderson C. H. General Lee's men were coming through every day on their way home. Often they would call me out and ask for something to drink. I had a jug of whiskey made out of sorghum skimmings that a neighbor had given me for getting his mule back from one of Morgan's men. I would fill a glass and hand to them and they would turn it up and drink. I never had a man to drink a glass or ask for more. Talk about your one X dispensary. This stuff was about the meanest that ever run out of a still.

Two weeks after this a Confederate soldier rode up to the lot gate and asked directions to Darlington. He was dressed in a roundabout coat. After asking him about his command and receiving no favorable answer he saw that he had me non plussed. He told me he was General Samuel Ferguson who commanded President Davis' escort. He went into camp at Washington, Ga., and drew rations for 1,500 men. That evening news came up on the Georgia road from Augusta, Ga., that Gen. Johnson had surrendered. His men commenced saddling up and going off in squads during the night. Next morning about 100 were in camp. He reported to the president for orders; pay off your men and dismiss them. He then called upon General Breckinridge, who was sitting on his horse in the public road. A scout dashed up and said the Yankees are coming. The general rode off towards Macon and General Ferguson up the river to Hart county. Then crossed over to Pendleton, and by here on his way to his kindred in the lower country, where he remained until times got so he could join

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his wife on the plantation in Mississippi. This was the last time I saw General Ferguson.

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Proposals for Site.

Washington, D. C.,
June 5th, 1908.

Proposals will be received, to be opened at 2 o'clock p. m. July 10th, 1908, for the sale or donation to the United States of a suitable site, centrally located for the Federal building to be erected in Laurens, South Carolina. A corner lot of (approximately) 120x130 feet is required. Each proposal must give the price, the character of the foundations obtainable, the proximity to street cars, sewer, gas, and water mains etc., and must be accompanied by a diagram indicating the principal street, the north point, the dimensions and grades of land, the widths and paving of adjacent streets and alleys, whether alleys are public or private and whether or not the city owns land occupied by sidewalks. The vendor must pay all expenses connected with furnishing evidences of title and deeds of conveyance. Improvements on the property must be reserved by the vendor, but pending the commencement of the Federal building they may remain upon the land upon payment of a reasonable ground rent. The grantor must, however, remove all improvements on thirty days' notice so to do.

The right to reject any proposal is reserved. Each proposal must be sealed, marked "Proposal for Federal building site at Laurens, South Carolina," and mailed to the secretary of the treasury (supervising architect), Washington, D. C. No special form of proposal is required or provided.

GEO. B. CORTELYOU,
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